and whispered again ! Such a lesson in the law of contrasts !

The first time that Henry went to the Lyceum after Fussie's death, every one was anxious and distressed, knowing how he would miss the dog in his dressing-room. Then an odd thing happened. The wardrobe cat, who had never been near the room in Fussie's lifetime, came down and sat on Fussie's cushion ! No one knew how the " Governor " would take it. But when Walter was sent out to buy some meat for it, we saw that Henry was not going to resent it! From that night onwards the cat always sat night after night in the same place, and Henry liked its companionship. In 1902, when he left the theatre for good, he wrote to me:

" The place is now given up to the rats —all light cut off, and only Barry[1] and a foreman left. Everything of mine Fve moved away, including the Cat! "

I have never been to America yet without going to Niagara. The first time I saw the great falls I thought it all more wonderful than beautiful. I got away by myself from my party, and looked and looked at it, and I listened—and at last it became dreadful and I was *frightened* at it. I wouldn't go alone again, for I felt queer and wanted to follow the great flow of it. But at twelve o'clock, with the " sun upon the topmost height of the day's journey," most of Nature's sights appear to me to be at their plainest. In the evening, when the shadows grow long and all hard lines are blurred, how soft, how different, everything is ! It was noontide, that garish cruel time of day,

when I first came in sight of the falls. Fm glad I went again in other lights—but one should live by the side of all this greatness to learn to love it. Only once did I catch Niagara in *beauty,*

[1] The stage-door keeper.